LITERATURE.

MR. BALFOUR'S VIEWS ON THE CONDI-TION OF LITERATURE IN DIFFERENT

STAGES OF THE VICTORIAN EPOCH. London, April 27. Mr. Balfour has once more shown that he can ought not to be called a stale topic. It is only stale in the sense that everything best in this world is stale; that is to say, it is familiar to all of us because it is part of all our lives, and long since many, if not all, the most judicious and origi- of his own : nal things have been said about it by the greatest of its masters. It is two hundred years and more since one of the most original of French writers began his discussion, not upon literature only but upon many phases of life, with the remark that the coming age of literature as glorious, or even everything had already been said and that he more glorious, than any of those which have came too late. The truth is, the new mind, the young intelligence, the man who sees old things with new eyes, is never too late. Mr. Balfour is of the man of genius; only a stupendous effort

one of those men; not pre-eminently a man of of Nature; only the occurrence of the rarest letters, not by profession a practitioner of litera- of all natural phenomena, the apparition of an ture; but an intelligence. He presided yesterday at the 103d anniversary dinner of the Royal forcible enough to deserve the name of genius, Literary Fund; one of those numerous, if not innumerable, benevolent associations which exist in Mr. Balfour well says that prophecy is idle; he this country for the relief of distress; each with its own specialty, each choosing out some particular object of charity, and appealing to those for full of fruit for the human race;-to an age whom that particular object has a particular interest. The art of touching the sympathies of even by politics. It is a pious aspiration, even the public seems to be an art of specialization, and nowhere is it so well understood, or put in practice with such versatility, as in England. The personal note is always interesting on a

subject of this kind. Mr. Balfour gives us that, and he gives also a kind of confession of faith in the name of his generation. I don't know whether in America you think of Mr. Balfour as a young man, or as heary with the iniquities which, since 1886, have accumulated on the head of a Minister who does not believe in dissolving the Union. But he is young, as youth is here reckoned in public life. He is but forty-four, and when he first had that seat in the Cabinet which political critics declared to be due to the partiality of his uncle; he was but thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age. He has since governed Ireland for four years with a success which almost everybody the House of Commons; and now leads the Opposition in the House of Commons; and still will not have completed his forty-fifth year till the 25th of this coming July. It is, therefere, to the younger generation now upon the stage that he belongs. He is the contemporary, not of Mr. Gladstone and of Lord Salisbury, but of Lord Randolph Churchill and of Lord Rosebery. And he speaks of himself as having come too late into the world to join of the last half, or last two-thirds, of the present century, whose best work was produced before 1860 or 1870; -the great Victorian epoch, in fact. And in his declaration touching the influence of seme of the great writers of that period, the personal note and the representative note are blended. It is only his modesty which makes him limit the following statement to his own personal experience.

in the writings of-whom shall I say?-Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, and George Eliot, everything they could imagine or desire, either in the way of artistic excellence, or ethical instruction, or literary delight. I have not myself ever been able to surrender myself so absolutely to the charm and the greatness of these great and charming writers. I have sometimes thought that the age of which I speak may perhaps have been unduly inclined to exalt itself in comparison with that despised century, the eighteenth."

That is a remark which is both useful in itself, and timely. The tendency which led readers in the earlier part of the Victorian epoch to read only, or mainly, the literature of the period, has not died out. It exists, and perhaps has increased. The book which people read is the book which was published yesterday; unless they can get blished to-day. The habit was injurious to the reader even when the ew books were good books; injurious if he read what was new. It narrowed his mind. Still injurious is it when the new books are not good; or certainly not great; when the great period, such as it was, has passed, and when, save one or two veterans who belong to the great period and not to this lesser period, literature is but the expression of second and third and fourth rate minds. Mr. Balfour says:

"My own conviction is that at this moment, not only is there no dislike of novelty, not only is there no prejudice in favor of ancient models, but thing of any merit whatever is likely accepted and welcomed at least at its true

He does not mention; and I will not mention; any names. It might be invidious. But do we not all remember how eagerly any new writer of the least promise has been welcomed? novelist or whatever he be, or try to be, no sooner does an unknown light appear above the horizon than he is hailed as a new dawn, and the talk about him, or her, is carried on in superlatives, and the newspapers make haste to announce that a new apostle, if not a new Messiah, is arisen in-

I suppose, if we were entirely frank, we might admit that journalism is, in some measure, responsible for this worship of what is novel merely because it is novel. No doubt news, whether it has any relation to literature or not, is of the essence of journalism. Newspaper-readers might possibly become impatient if the newspapers reviewed nothing but old books. There are new books, they are poured out by the dozen, or several dozens, daily, and some account of them must be The reader expects it and will have it. Whether they are good or bad does not, from this point of view, matter. They are new; they are part of the news of the day, and must be dealt with as such. Plato and Shakespeare and Pascal are not new; they are old and, since they are also immortal, may be left to take care of

themselves, which they do very well without help from the newspapers. Perhaps the most which can be expected of the journalist, or the most he is allowed to attempt, is to refresh himself, if not his readers, by some brief discussion of the old masters in literature when a new edition of them appears. It is not much, but it is something.

Mr. Balfour's enumeration of the giants of the Victorian epoch is curiously incomplete: wilfully so, perhaps, since he named them only to say that, great as they are, they are not to him the greatest of all. He omits Thackeray, and Arnold, and Newman. I should like to believe, and do prefer to believe, that he omits them, or at least two of them, because there is nobody in his beloved eighteenth century whom he would put above either in his own kind. Fielding may or may not be greater than Thackeray in wide knowledge of human nature. He is greater in that he founded a school, or took a new departure in one great branch of literature: which in Thackeray has been brought to the utmost perfection of art whereof a purely English literature can boast. Newman need not be too strongly insisted on: his is a fame which, after all, is can boast. Newman need not be too strongly insisted on; his is a fame which, after all, is more personal than literary. He is part of the religious history of his time; and still more of the religious controversy of his time; and will remain the greatest name among those whose glory it was to have sought to put Protestant England three centuries back in her religious life, and to re-establish in England the dominion of Rome. But of Matthew Arnold's place in pure literature there can be no question. He, more than any other one great writer, was a great writer; pre-eminently the man of letters, to whom belongs a place by the side of the first whether as poet, as critic, as teacher, as thinker; -however you choose to regard him. And there is no other writer of the Victorian epoch of whom the

wishes of his audience and of the public, Mr. THE FAMOUS OLD AMERICA. Balfour is willing to allow that the genius, or some considerable part of the genius, of the time may have been turned away from literature by the influence of the fime. It is to reveal itself, when the opportunity occurs, in art or in science. But, as the revelation in art is to come from Paris, that is but a poor consolation to the British mind. Science, no doubt, has be fresh on a stale topic. Literature, of course, swept into its net much of the best intelligence of the time, but neither will that explain, or explain fully, the inferiority of this generation to the last two in the bighest order of literary productiveness Mr. Baltour has an explanation

"It only requires the rise of some great man of genius to mould the forces which exist in plenty around us, to utilize the instruction which we have almost in superabundance, and to make

preceded it." Only that and nothing more, -only the original force in literature; original enough and with the adjective great prefixed. That is all. which cannot be sterilized, or rendered barren if it does not completely illuminate the dark places in which writers who ought to be men of genius and are not, are stumbling, and struggling in vain.

INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT FLOWER SHOW PRESSED INTO SERVICE AS A LECTURER-BRIT-

ISH TARS MEET AN ENGLISH ARMY OFFICER. The flower show, which closed last week, not only was interesting as an exhibit of flowers, but the observant visitor could find many other things to amushim. The general ignerance of the public with regard to the names of the several exhibits was phenomenal. On the opening day a man, who seemed to have a alight knowledge of botany, heard an elderly woman wondering what a certain plant was. He volunteered the information that it was a stag horn fern, and gave a short history of it. The woman immediately called her husband and two daughters, and the unfortunate but Mr. Gladstone acknowledges; and has led man was induced to make the tour of the whole gar den, pointing out the different plants, and as he did so, those listening to him increased in numbers, until he found himself lecturing to a small crowd. He eventually found shelter in the committee-room, but whenever he had to go on the floor of Madison Square Garden during the rest of the week, some women who had heard the first lecture would pounce down upon him, and as it would have been churlish and rude to refuse, the victim was again turned into a showman.

Among the visitors were some sallors from the fleet. An Englishman, seeing two of the mer full enthusiasm for those English writers H. M. S. Australia, could not resist the temptation of fine time they were having in this port, and their criticisms on the plants were to the point, but hardly fit for publication, for it is a sad fact that both the tars had been indulging in "Jersey lightning," or Bowery whiskey. When the azaleas were approached one man was overheard to say to the other:

"My bloomin' eyes, Bill. If we could take a couple of them plants back for the cap'en, why, bless me, e could get liberty at every port we touched at." we personal experience.

"Personally, I have known many who found The Englishman said it was probable that he could get

them a plant apiece.

"If you can," said the sailor, lurching forward,
"you're the most bloomin'est bloomin' bloke as lives."

The man led the sailors off toward the Fourth-way. entrance of the Garden, and, meeting one of the principal exhibitors, told him the story and made his re-

"Why, certainly I can, Captain," came the reply. The blue jackets heard the title given and won-dered. One of them got the giver of the plants aside. "I say, why did you call that man Cap'en?"

"He is a captain in the English Army," was the answer. "Holy Moses, an' we've been slappin' 'im on the

back as if he was a common civilian !" The sailors pulled themselves together at once and saluting, apologized in true sailor fashion. They got their plants, but the Englishman made them promise that they would not take another drink until the got on board.

"S'welp me Bob, we won't, sir," and the men were up the street. They cast anchor at Twenty-seventh-

up the street. They cast anchor at Twenty-seventust., and one of them came back, and, saluting, said:
"Look 'ere, sir. It's a mighty long way between 'ere and the ship. Will you let us have one drink when we reach Ninety-second-st?"
"All right, but if you don't get those plants safely on board, look out. I know Captain Hammond well, and if those flowers do not reach him, I can promise you you won't get any liberty until the ship is out of commission."
The men turned hard aport at Twenty-eighth-st., and were lost to view.
When the Garden was given up to the kindergarten children there were some pleasing and amusing in-

When the Garden was given up to the kindergarten children there were some pleasing and amusing lincidents. Now and then some small child could not resist the temptation of getting a said at the flowers and would break the ranks to do so, but only for a moment. Among the plants at the show was a pine-apple shrub, with the fruit. This was pointed out to a small boy, who was so delighted that he called out to a friend some distance off:

"Say, Billy, here's a pineapple a-growing." The startling statement was too much for "Billy" and some other boys, who flocked around the strange spectacle until they were hustled back into the ranks.

The company of the smallest children, each of whom had a small American flag, were for a time lost sight of by the managers, but G. V. Gottschalk, the secretary, went in search of them and found them hidden away behind the rhododendrons. Their wondering little faces when they each got a plant were among the most pleasing sights of the whole show.

WHERE THE TELEGRAPH IS LEAST USED. From The Hartford Courant.

From The Hartford Courant.

The four countries in the world which possess the smallest telegraph facilities are Peru, Paraguay, Uraguay and Persia. In the first named there are only thirty-six telegraph offices in the whole country and but 1,600 miles of wire. In the territory of Paraguay there are only 510 miles of wire in operation, and the entire telegraphic service of that country requires the services of but twenty-eight persons. One line of 360 miles, owned and operated by the Government, runs from Asuncion to Paso de Patria, the limit of Paraguayan territory, and the other 150 miles by the railroad from Asuncion to Pirapo. Owing to high water and campfires in that country the line is often interrupted for days at a time. At Paso de Patria, the line breaks, there being no cable over the Alto Parana River, which is three miles wide. Communication is therefore by canoe, which takes messages over in the morning to the Argentine side and returns to the Paraguayan side at night. An important telegram is often delayed ten or fifteen hours.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

Correspondence of The Boston Transcript.

SOME OF IT LEFT YET.

From The Boston Journal.

The actual amount of gold and silver that is used in a large plating establishment is very great, and the most strict economy is practiced in order that there shall be no waste. The extreme thinness of the gold on cheap jewelry has long been a subject for lest by humorists. A party of Boston jewellers was being shown through one of the great plating factories by the proprietor, a man well known as a wag. As the visitors stood looking into one of the vats where different articles were being plated with gold by means of a chemical process, a gentleman asked.

"Now, Uncle John, just how much gold do you use here in your bustness?"

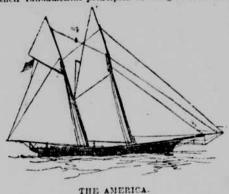
The old man looked up and answered, with a twinkle in his eye, "Well, boys, I'll tell you. When I started in, lifteen years ago, I put a ten dollar gold piece into the vat, and I guess there's some left of it yet!"

Natural route across the continent, "America's Greatest Raliroad," the New-York Central.

SHE STILL SAILS AMERICAN WATERS.

HER CAREER SINCE SHE WON THE "BLUE RIBBON OF THE SEA"-ONCE A PIRATE.

The famous schooner yacht America, whose name is probably known to more people than that of any other boat since Noah's Ark, will be put in commission on May 30. It was feared that with the death of General Butler the historic boat would be retired, but Paul Butler, who now owns her, has decided to put her in commission and to use her as his father did for short cruises along the coast, and for afternoon sails off Marblehead. So the familiar boat, with the familiar Butler private signal flying, will be seen as usual in Eastern waters this year. She is now being put in readiness for commission at East Boston. This appearance of the America under a new owner is an opportunity for recalling her history, much of which has been forgotten by the general public, though her great victory at Cowes in 1851 lingers in song and story, and the cup which she won there, and to which she gave her name, will probably remain always the great prize of international yachting contests—the "blue ribbon of the sea." The America did more than to win a cup at Cowes: she established beyond doubt the superiority of the new principles of naval architecture introduced in her construction by George Steers. She marked the beginning of a new era in shipbuilding, and the fleets of the world to-day embody in their propagation of the world to-day embody in their international propagation of the world to-day embody in the construction by George Steers. She marked the beginning of a new era in shipbuilding, and the fleets of the world to-day embody in their purposes of the Naval Academy. The America is a fraining treased to the purposes of two offered the boat that she was of two due to the time of his death made constant use of the to the time of his death made constant use of the to the time of his death made constant use of the tense of two long and always made a good showing. The General Butler wook as the coast of Labrador in her. In the yachting season, the raced frequen ing, and the fleets of the world to-day embody in their fundamental principles of design those radi-



cal departures from old ideas with which the America astonished the maritime world on the bright August day in 1851 when England's Queen from the battlements of the Royal Squadron's castle saw the Yankee boat lead home the fleet of British yachts which had gone out to race her.

Before the America won her celebrated race, ship designers had held that the centre of displacement should be forward of the beam. Mr. Steers, who came of a race of shipbuilders and had devoted his whole life to the science of shipbuilding, maintained that this was all wrong. The "cod's head and mackerel's tail" combination, which was the standby of the old school of shipbuilders, was not, Mr. Steers thought, the proper model. Captain Roland Coffin in his "History of the America's Cup" says: "Mr. Steers maintained that the best sailing qualities of a vessel could be developed by a uniform displacement of the water along her lines." He first put his ideas into practice in the building of the pilotboat Mary Taylor. Though all the critics and the shipbuilders scoffed at the new ideas of Mr. Steers, the Mary Taylor proved to be a wonder, and easily outsailed anything of her size with which she cam in contact. Then the scoffing changed to praise, and the fame of George Steers was accomplished.

The first world's fair ever held was in progress in 1851, under the glass roof of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, London. The New-York Yacht Club was then in its sixth year. The fame of the New-York pilotboats, then, as now, swift and seaworthy vessels, was great in England, and the yachtsmen over there had heard of wonderful performances of the cutter yacht Maria. There was to be a great assembling of yachts at Cowes that year, and many races were arranged for. Certain members of the New-York Yacht Club determined to build a schooner and



MODEL OF THE FAMOUS SCHOONER.

send her over to get a race, if possible, with the English boats. Naturally George Steers got the commission to design the boat, and she was built at the yards of his firm, J. R. & G Steers. The new yacht was launched in March of 1851, and, after a series of experimental races in New-York waters, was sent over that summer to Havre, from which place she went o Cowes, and issued her challenge to the British fleet. She went over rigged as pilotboats of those days used to be rigged, with no foretopmast and no jibboom. Before she sailed her great race she had a flying jibboom put in, so that in the race she carried a flying jib until it carried away, much to the satisfaction of "Old Dick Brown," her sailing-master, who did not believe in flying jibs for windward work. The race was won against a British fleet of six schooners and eight cutters. There was some difficulty in getting a race for the America, the yachtsmen of England being wary of her from the first. Outside pressure was strong, however, and the challenge of the America had to be accepted. As an example of the pressure brought to bear on the yacht owners, it may be said that the sailors on board the yachts of the Royal Squadron got together and issued a statement to the effect that if any yacht owner would give the use of his yacht they would man ber and "run the Yankee to Cape Clear and back, the worse wenther the better, and crack on till the masts

The America by her race at Cowes at once ob tained a worldwide reputation. Her owners at that time were John C. Stevens, Edwin A. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, J. Beekman Finley and George L. Schuyler. When the America returned to this country from her foreign victories her rig was changed and she received a foretopmost with a sail plan similar to that shown in the accompanying cut. Before she left Cowes to return to America the Queen went aboard of her and minutely inspected her. She congratulated the owners on the possession of such a boat,

The America came back to this country, and for a time was a familiar sight sweeping about the waters of New-York or Newport. Then she was purchased by an English gentleman, and was used by him as a yacht up to the breaking out of the Rebellion. Her swiftness was such that a syndicate purchased her for blockade running purposes, and she was a yacht no more. Lurk ing about the Florida Keys, dodging men-of-war, and Bermuda, the America lived the life of a pirate schooner, and fled from the sight of that flag which she once bore so proudly to victory at the Isle of Wight. These were stirring days and nights for the America. Finally she was caught in the St. John's River, Florida, and a gunboat was sent to capture her. To prevent her capture her captain sank her, and there she remained at the bottom of the river, imbedded in the mud with the alligators crawling and paddling about her, until the war was over and peace reigned once more in a united country.

After the close of the war she was raised by the Government and sent to Annapolis to be used by the cadets in their practice of fore and aft sailing Then came the year 1870, and the challenge of Then came the year 1870, and the challenge of Commander Ashbury for the America's Cup, the trophy which she had won at Cowes nineteen years before, and which had been placed in the enstedy of the New-York Yacht Club as a perpetual international challenge cup. With one according the people demanded that the America be placed in the race to defend the cup. The cup had been won by the America against a fleet, and in those days a fleet was sent out to defend it. So the America was sent by the Government to make one days a fleet was sent out to defend it. So the America was sent by the Government to make one of the defending fleet. The America was not up to her usual form in this race for the cup. Though she beat the English yacht Cambria by 13 minutes 47 1-2 seconds, she was fourth in the race at the

finish, the Magië, Idler and Silvie being ahead of her, the Silvie on corrected time and the Magie and Idler on actual time. In this race the America was manned by Navy sailors and officered by naval officers. After the race the America went back to Annapolis and resumed her duties as a training

The Government finally decided that she was

THE NAVAHOE A SUCCESS GREATEST CREATION OF THE HERRESHOFF GENIUS-YACHTING NOTES

As far as the necessarily one-sided view of an American yachtsman can go, the boat built by the Herreshoffs for Royal Phelps Carroll is a success, and will bring back to these shores not only the Cape May and Brenton's Reel cups, which were given away as consolation cups to the Royal Genesta, but also the enp offered by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club as an international challenge. Patriotism is a strange thing in the Anglo-Saxon race, and one of its functions is incessantly to find fault with the productions of its own country. This peculiar phase of patriotism is more dominant just now on the western side of the Atlantic than on the eastern, and if one half the things said about the Navahoe were just, if one half of the adverse criticisms had been based upon abso-Inte knowledge, the long swash which breaks forever Inte knowledge, the long swash which breaks forever on the sandy shores of Cape May and the sullen swell which rocks the tossing lights on Brenton's Reef would never again bear a yacht to victory or defeat which struggled for possession of the two cups which take their name from these two landmarks of the sea. As a matter of fact, all the trials of the Navahoe have so far shown that she is not only the latest but the greatest creation of the genius of the Herreshoffs. The rumor that she could not carry her canvas and a thousand other doubts and fears which have been advanced since the boat was launched all fade away before the fact that she is probably the fastest yacht of her size ever launched in the bristol shipyards, and has so far borne herself as to fulfil all the expectations of her designers.

The designers of England, great in their day and generation, and who shall say when that day and generation shall pass, are fully alive to the double responsibility which this year rests upon them. The vereignty of the yachting seas carries with it more to say to you." many of them, who realize the truth and the presclence sea commands the commerce of the sea; the nation which commands the commerce of the sea, the world." o on both sides of the Atlantic It can be fairly said Recef cups have been subjected to closer scrutiny, more complete analysis and more intelligent criticism than were ever before lavished on any yacht designed to compete for an international trophy. This summer on both sides of the water struggles will take place for yachting supremacy—that supremacy which has been held since 1851 by the United States of America. Each nation has thrown aside national conventionality and national prejudice, has taken from the other what there seemed to be of good in its naval architecture, and has gone in for a struggle which has had no parallel in the yachting history of the world. It is to be hoped that no extreme type will win in any of the races. No trick of construction can overcome for any length of time essential and inherent qualities, and victories so won are barren and profitless. When the America first won the cup at Cowes it was on principles of construction which have ever since been acknowledged as fundamentally correct, and the flects of the world in their swiftness and their might bow to the ancient schooner to-day. Every victory for the cup which has been won in the last ten years has on the ancient schooner to-day. Every victory for the cup which has been won in the last ten years has been based on fixed and immutable foundations. The races for the cup between the time that the America first won it and the day when the Puritan sailed for it count as nothing. Of far more importance to yachting were the victories of the little Madge and the sweeping triumphs of the Minerva.

Of the honors which overhang the American yachting world now the greatest is the Stewart and Binney boat. That boat is a "splasher" of last year, with a fin-keel attached to it to bring the centre of gravity low and prevent the thing from tipping over. boat is a wonder and will undoubtedly sail fast, but she is not a boat which is wanted to defend the America's Cup. Stewart and Binney are both disciples of Burgess, and have served their apprenticeship in his office and have succeeded to his business, but ples of Burgess, and have succeeded to his business, but those office and have succeeded to his business, but does any sane man believe that Burgess would have designed such a boat! Burgess's designs were such that he was placed on a board of Naval experts by the United States Government to pass upon the construction of men-of-war, and he was asked to build, and did build, fishing schooners for the Grand Banks. Imagine the principles of the Stewart and Banks Imagine the grand Banks Imagine the Washing Stewart and Banks Imagine the Washing Stewart and Banks Imagine the Grand Banks Imagine the Washing Stewart and Banks Imagine the Banks Imagine the

The revival of schooner-racing, which was begun last year, is undoubtedly to be a feature of the yachting season this year. The contests for international cups will of course overshadow everything else, but there is one man who wants to be known as the owner of the fastest schooner affoat. That is J. Rogers Maxwell. He may say that his new boat, the Emerald, is only built for a fishing boat, but if she is she is a fishing boat of quality and will not confine her victories to the hauling-in of the conventional "denizen of the deep." As a matter of fact, the "fishing boat" of Mr. Maxwell is a fisher of prizes. and though Wintringham has been her ostensible designer the brain and the genius of Maxwell are so designer the brain and the genius of Maxwell are so apparent as to leave little room for doubt as to who conceived her lines. There are few modern schooners for the Emerald to compete with if she is confined to her class. The Margaerite has been mentioned by various papers as a possible rival. The Margaerite was built by laurgess, was not a success, and has been "tinkered with" by every yacht designer on the Atlantic scaboard. The latest stage of that yacht is worse than the first. The new schooner ought to be and probably is the fastest schooner affoat.

Dixon Kemp, who broads like a stormy petrel over international yachting, and has even designed yachts for local races, and done it well enough for those purpuses, is still in a state of mind over the challenge of Lord Dunrayen for the America's Cup. The spasmodic violence which characterized his carlier writings has given place to a calm resignation. That the Valkyrle can win the America's Cup is something that now and then slipping swiftly over to Nassau or be never had the faintest idea of. That the Navahoe can win the cap of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club or bring back the Cape May and Brenton's Reef cups is also a thing which Mr. Kemp has settled. He does it in a lugabrious manner, and attributes it all to "time notice" of races and the difference of local waters Somebody-was it Dr. Johnson t No. 'twas Byron, but with as much philosophy, who said:

I say the future is a serious matter. And so, for God's suite, hock and soda water.

The future is a serious matter, and Mr. Dixon Kemp The future is a serious matter, and Mr. Dixon kemp, though he has the columns of "The Fish" to week through, cannot solve the mystery of that future. When the cup was first won it was won under as disadvantageous circumstances as it is possible to conceive of. The inside course of the New York Yacht Chib, a course now happily abandoned, could not compare with the course around the lise of Wight, which was sailed by the America. The cup has remained in this country so far because we can build the best and fastest yachts, and the cup will be held on the same principles—or lost honorably.

WHY THE CHAPLAIN WAS INVESTIGATED

From The Detroit Free Press.

From The Detroit Free Press.

The peculiarities of Nevada legislation are not so surprising in the light of some of the developments which come from there regarding its state-men. The chaptain of the State Senate was recently charged with plagiarism, a member of that body being the accuser. He claimed that a part of the prayer affered by the chaptain had been used word for word by a preacher whom the Senator had heard at a funeral two years before. The good double who looked after the spiritual interests of the Senate was justly indignant

and very properly insisted upon an investigation. It was had and after the accusing witness had given the substance of what he had heard at the funeral, though he did not pretend to give the exact language, it was discovered by some of the less worldly members that the chaphain had been accused of stealing the Lord's prayer, and he was released after the chief witness had apologized.

THE SERVIAN COUP DETAT.

A DRAMATIC SCENE IN THE BANQUETING

Some dramatic details of the recent coup d'état in Servia have been furnished to "Le Figaro," of Paris, by Professor Albert Malet, who has been one of the young King's teachers and who was present at the famous dinner when the Regents and Ministers were arrested. At 8 o'clock, he says, the company were at table, the King having M. Ristics on his right and General Belimarkovics on his left, while facing him sat Major Tehirles, acting as Marshal of the Court; M. Avakoumovics, President of the Council, and General Bogitchevics, Minister of War. The conversation was animated. King Alexander, who was remarkably selfpossessed, talked with the Ministers of War and Finance concerning various bills which they were about to bring forward in the Skuptschina. The second entree, which was a saimt of snipe, had been served, when the butler Karl informed Major Tchirles that every thing was ready, and then immediately ordered all the footmen to withdraw. The guests waited some time for the roast meat, when M. Ristics, impatient at the delay, said to the King. "Be so good as to ring." Major Tehlries then rose and opened the door, when the vestibule was seen to be lined with soldiers. The Major immediately re-entered the room, and bowing to the King, said: "Sire, all is ready." The King took up his glass and rose to his feet, to the surprise of those present, and then turning to M. Ristics said in a very firm voice: "Gentlemen, I thank you for the care which you have taken of me and of the State, but seeing that the Constitution is too seriously threat-ened, I consider that the moment has come for me to violate one of its clauses, namely, that relating to my majority. In order that I may safeguard the other articles of the Constitution and preserve it in full vigor, I have decided to take the reins of power into my own hands and have already carried out this resodution. I now communicate my decision to you, at the same time appealing to you by your devotion to the dynasty, and for the country's sake, to render my first steps easy by tendering to me your resignations." "But, sire, this is a very serious matter," replied

M. Ristles, "because according to the Constitution Here the King interrupted the speaker, and, pushing back his chair, exclaimed "I have nothing more to say." Turning then toward Major Tchiries, he said: "Major, I request you to execute my orders." His Majesty at once left the hall, while Commandant Cumries shouted, "Long live the King!" to which the troops in the vestibule loudly responded, as had been previously arranged. "Gentlemen, and you generals," then continued Major Tchirics, "I beg you to aid me to discharge the serious duty imposed upon me, and to execute the King's orders," "What are those orders?" asked M. Ristles. "To place your written resignations in the King's hands," was the answer. M. Ristics started back and rejoined: "Until Ills Majesty attains his majority we govern the country in accordance with the Constitution." "Pardon me." replied Major Tchiries, "I have not read that clause of the Constitution very carefully, but having received precise instructions from His Majesty I have nothing more

The Major then bowed and left the ball, leaving the comprehend, but what is thoroughly comprehended on both sides of the water by those people, and there are vestibule: "Captain Michkovics, no one must be allowed to leave this hall alive without my orders, you death in the Tower; "The nation which commands the understand," "I understand, Major," was the reply. Three minutes later the folding doors of the ban-queting hall were opened, and the Regents, with General Bogitchevics, the Minister of War, went out. As soon as they appeared thirty bayonets were prethe America's Cup, in the race for the Royal Victoria sented at their breasts, but the moldlers, recognizing Yacht Club's cup and the Cape May and Breuton's the two Generals almost as quickly, lowered their rifles, contenting themselves with calling out to the

SOME FOREIGN MISTAKES ABOUT AMERICANS.

From The Philadelphia Telegraph.

It is always to a certain degree amusing to note the ignorance prevalent in European countries concerning matters and things in the United States. My French almanac, for instance, sets forth, as its prominent incident for the 11th of April, that that was the date of the outbreak of the war between "the States of North America and the States of South America." But still more astonishing is the advertisement of a life of Admiral Farragut by Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., the London publishers, the work being declared to be "a blography, based on family papers, of the great 'Confederate.' Admiral," said advertisement appearing in "The Athenaeum," that most serious and presumably accurate of English iterary publications. Probably the publishers thought that the book would prove more popular with English readers if its hero was set down as a Southerner. After that one cannot be much awarded at the statement in the "Figaro." apropos of the marriage of Miss McClellan, that her father, General George E, McClellan, had been at one time "Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate forces during the American civil war." From The Philadelphia Telegraph.

A BARGAIN DRIVEN BY EMERSON.

From The Boston Globe.

From The Boston Globe.

We were speaking of Emerson, and I had shown my idolatry of that sweet Athenian Yankee, when my idolatry of that sweet Athenian Yankee, when my friend said: "There is no question that Ralph Waldo Emerson was a grand old American Socrates, or Plato if you will; but much of the starch of my veneration for him was taken out by the way he once contended with the newsdealer at the Causeway-st, end of the Fitehburg depot for the reduction of the price of a Boston evening daily paper, because it was of the Issue of a day or two previous. It reminded me of the huckstering I witnessed in a bakeshop some time before, where a woman insisted on having a flee-cent loaf for three cents because it was two days old, and finally, after a wordy contention with the worthy white-capped baker, componised by paying four cents for the bread.

"Ralph, the venerable, had the courage of his mercenary convictions and insisted for a time on having a cent reduction on the price of the paper. The newsdealer, too, had the courage of his trade and did not seem to care a baubee for the author of the 'Over Soul,' although I found afterward that he knew the Intellectually angust gentlemen with whom he was dealing. Knowing the person of the Concord philosopher I was amused enough to wait over another train, had not the purchaser and vender compromised, and the dear good man bought the wished for old paper with another of that evening's Issue."

HOW THE QUINCY FORTUNE WAS HANDED DOWN. Boston letter in The Washington Post.

Boston letter in The Washington Post.

If you go to William Quincy's office you learn from the fegend on the door that he is a lawyer whose business is chiefly in real estate. He is himself a large real estate owner. The history of his fortune is almost romantic. His grandfather, the second is almost romantic. His grandfather, the second Josiah Quincy, inherited a considerable estate from the founder of the family, who was the president of Harvard College and otherwise distinguished. The grandfather some forty or more years ago interested himself in the construction of the Troy and Greenfield Railroad, a part of which is now known as the Hoosac Tunnel line, and was not able to carry out his undertakings. He was financially embarrassed, but did not become a bankrupt. He was possessed of a very large amount of property and his creditors saw that in time he would be able to meet all his obligations, or that in the event of his death his estate would do so. The property was, therefore, converted into a trust, the creditors appointing a trustee and Mr. Quincy another.

This trust has lasted until the present time, but is about to be abrogated, all the obligations having now been provided for. For a number of years the present Josiah Quincy has been the principal trustee and manager of the estate, which will be worth \$2,000.000 when the trust terminates. The Quincy's are inclined to cellbacy, and Mr. Quincy's grand-father had several daughters who never married and whose shares have come to him. One of the daughters married Professor B. A. Gould, the distinguished astronomer who went to South America some years ago to establish an observatory there. Mr. Sam Quincy, a brother of Mr. Quincy's father, died without issue a few years ago. Eventually all the property will pass to the Gould heirs and to Mr. Quincy and his sister, who are the only children of Mr. Josiah P. Quincy.

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER From The Washington Star.

From The Washington Star.

They had just come from the baseball grounds, and they were engaged in an animated discussion of the game. A stranger came toward them, and although they slackened their pace he passed without saying a word. One of them stopped the policeman on the corner and said:

"Did you see the feller that just went along here!"

"Yes."

THE SALON.

MANY GOOD LANDSCAPES, BUT POETIC QUAL-ITY IS LACKING-TOO MANY PICTURES-

M. SCHOMMER'S FINE WORK. Paris, April 28.

The Saion of the Champs Elysee contains 1,828 paintings, a great many of which are clever, some marvellously clever, and a few may be regarded almost as masterpieces. Bonnat, J. P. Laurens, Henner, Francais, Collin, Flameng, Commerce and Chatrain, who did last year a portrait of Leo XIII which became at once famous, are among the exhibitors. Munkacsy fills nearly the whole side of the square Salon. There seems no preference for any school or style; but crude realism seems out of favor. The idealist fad, as represented by Sor Peladan, is coming out in an irruption of paintings, none of which can be spoken of as even fairly good. Renanism seems also on the wane, there being few irreligiously religious paintings, in which subjects from the gospels are given a quite modern, not to say Parisian, application. The portraits and the landscapes are generally good, and many of them are capital. In painting women painters seem to have a preference for bringing out the delicate flesh tints by green belongings of different shades on textures harmonizing with each other and with green backgrounds. One of these verdant portraits may possibly rank hereafter as high as Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." It is signed Debat Ponsan. Another clever panel portrait in half profile of a young and slender woman in greens of different textures on a green background is catalogued "Miss Clara Wright, by W. Llewellyn, born in England."

One is struck with evidence in all directions of work done in the open air and of close and conscientious observation of nature. One also notices that country scenes must have been quickly and with deft band conveyed to the canvas. It is a pleasure to see so much good work in landscapes, in the rendering of moors, rivers, forests, heaths, mountains and of country scenes animated with rustics. The paintings of cattle are also good in most cases. Indeed one is embarra sed to know what class to choose as more particularly deserving of praise than another. There is, however, one great want in these country sights and scenes. It is the poet's mind behind the artist's eye. One, though, finds this quality not only in Jules Breton, but in a remarkable degree in the works of his daughter, Mme. Demont Breton, who, though by no means an imitator of her father, has his vision and his way of looking at nature. She is on the high road to fame. Her "Joan of Arc," as a child, is sad, sweet, fascinating and full of deep meaning, and her "Fisherman's Return Home " is a rustic poem of penetrating beauty, though closely true to nature. Eoth are wholly free from affectation or staginess and pervaded with genuine sentiment.

This year's Salon has fewer pictures then its last predecessors at the Palais de l'Industrie, and yet the visitor feels, even more strongly, perhaps, than of late years, that there are still too many. The committee did cut down the number of pictures, and for this they deserve credit, but if it is in their power to some extent to keep out bad works it is not in their power to bring in works of commanding merit. We judge an exhibition, to some extent, by its best picture; but it would be difficult this year to point out any masterpiece rising beyond distinguished merit. One or two such pictures would raise the value of the whole of the Salon, but unfortunately we have yet to find them. I have stated the main criticism in a few words, but the whole compaes of an article would be insufficient to do justice to the wealth of talent, skill and knowledge which displays itself in every direction, and is seeking for outlets in new lines. The rival, or rather independent, exhibition of the Champ de Mars is beyond doubt influencing the official schools of the Champs Eiysee. Allegory and mysticism, though hardly of the genuine sort, are in favor, generally mixed up with realism. This, I take it, is also the outcome of Sar Peladan's serio-comic school of mystical art. A few years ago the revival of the military spirit brought forth military vival of the military spirit brought tools scenes by the hundred, the electoral victories of the Republic in 1889 were followed by allegorical pictures cerebrating this fact, and the Franco-Russian alliance also gave a distinct tone to the Salon which followed. We have nothing similar this year look for

this year. Military artists this year look for inspiration in times long past.

The whole wall on the landing is taken up with M. Roybet's immense canvas "Charles the Bold of Burgundy at Neskes." The scene in the interior of the church is one of indescribable confusion. Ladies in gorgeous dresses are rushing in fractic terror from the swords of Charles's men. Several baye been strick down and are lying lifeless of terror from the swords of Charles's men. Several have been struck down and are lying lifeless on the foreground. Women in the tritorium have been overtaken by the soldiery and are thrown over into the choir. The Dake, in armor, has entered the church on horseback, and his extended arm seems to command the massacre. The colors are wonderfully bridiant and contrast with the bitumen shadows. The figures show perfect finish in every detail, differing in this respect from the Mankacsy picture, and the painter appears to have courted every difficulty in order to display his ability to overcome it.

Mankaesy picture, and the panner application is ability to overcome it.

Munkaesy's picture is for the ceiling of the hall of the Hungarian Diet, and is of vast size, hall of the Hungarian Diet, and is of vast size, lit represents the first page in Magyar history. Arpad, the conqueror of Hungary, mounted on a white Arab charger with Oriental trappings, stands in front of his tent receiving the representatives of the peoples conquered by him Arpad's attitude is hangaty, but not unkind—that of a lord, and not an enemy. His costume and armor appear too elaborate for the period, which is the end of the ninth century. The composition is greatly admired by artists for the drawing and details, but the general effect is cold and the fire of genius is wanted everywhere. It is reported that Munkaesy will be pail 1,000,000 francs. This, I am afraid, is one of the cases in which we should not believe the half of what we hear.

francs. This, I am atraid, is one of the which we should not believe the half of what which we should not believe the half of what we hear.

If achommer's immense painting of M. Carnot going to dedicate new docks at Rochelle ever goes to the [United States to be exhibited people will know exactly how the President of the French Republic is received and with what ceremony when he goes into the Provinces. They will know exactly what kind of lasses are chosen to exchange kisses with him. Many an American man might perhaps wish to be in his place. One sees all the familiar figures of the President's circle. The women form a charming and quite natural group. A line of marines hedges off the official guests from the crowd, which one fanctes one hears crying, "Vive Carnot!" In the distance is the port bright with fluttering flags and pennons. It is all live, lively, interesting and decidedly French.

Going around the Salon we come across many notable pictures: Beyle sends a "still life! Pertheton has "A Rough Sea off the Normandy Coast"; there is a decorative panel by Bergeret and one of the best studies of still life in the Salon representing shrimps and sea fish. "Resting from Work," by Joseph, will certainly become popular. "A Thief," by the same artist, is a remarkable animal picture. The thief is a cat disturbed in the act of caring a cuttlet. M. Auran sends an agreeable study of Marseilles harbor. Benjamin Constant's portrait of Lord Dufferin is of course one of the pictures of the Salon. The subject is in profile and nearly life size. The

sends an agreeable study of Marseilles harbor. Benjamin Constant's portrait of Lord Dufferin is of course one of the pictures of the Salon. The subject is in profile and nearly life size. The head is highly finished and the physical likeness is perfect. Alma Tadema sends his "Banquet in the Reign of Heliogabalus," which is well known in London. One is almost glad after so many stirring paintings of the repose afforded by the "Saint Jean Chrysosteme," of J. P. Laurens. The scene is drawn purposely in a stiff style. His second painting is lovely. It is the granddaughter of Benchamps facing the Revolutionists.

M. Bouguereau I suppose we must acknowledge to be among the greatest of living painters, and yet we get tired of his cupids and aymphs. Cupid this year is on a pedestal, the only new feature about him, and draped nymphs are bringing him their gifts. Of course, it is a masterpiece, albeit it looks like enamel, but it is not suggestive, and fails to carry art a single step further. By far the best portion of this is the nude woman in the foreground, painted with more vigor than is unsual with M. Bouguereau. This quality is never wanting in M. Bonnat. It is combined in his portrait of an elderly woman with a tenderness which is unusual with him. The hands and face stand out in strong relief against the dark Bucksground and plain black velvet dress. This por trait is admirable. It is that of Bonnat's mother.

SHE LIKED THE OLD KIND BEST.

It was down in a Chautatōjua village that a gay young soldier had his sweetheart. Such a beauty she was too.

"Did you see the feller that just went along here!". Such a beauty she was too.

"Yes."
"Well, you'd better keep your eye on him. There's something wrong about him. He's a suspicious character—maybe he's escaped from an insane asylum."
"What makes you think so!"
"He saw us comin' out of the ball grounds and never asked us what the score was."

young soldier had his sweetheart. Such a beauty she was too.
It happened once that he sent her down from Burfalo a pot of cold cream to keep her cheeks as fresh as the budding rose.
When he came down to visit her again he asked how she liked his little gift.
"The taste was very nice," she said with rather a stelly smile, "but I think I like the other kind of cream best."